RUTLAND, VERMONT, FRIDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 22, 1854.

TERMS PER YEAR,

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ATES OF ADVERTISING

AGENTS FOR THE HERALD.

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Fancy Printing

Bookbinding

NAVE BELLOWS PALLS FOR RUTLAND,

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These, Rubbers, and all Rinds of Laurine ;
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Sariand, May 1st, 1854.

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Corriage and Figs. Fainting attended to, also, repairing paint, and variabling dime, we distact our calves, to the satisfaction of our partners.

Repairs on Carriages promptly done. We solicit a slare of pointing attendangs, and what has our best endeavore to set to or customers.

S. P. QUINEY, D. P. SERLIOWKIA, 1991

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PINSEER & CANNING, Agency and Italian and Marbles from the Concrete at Sutherland Patter Budbury, at prices not repeating with the difference in the Constitution of t Mill has been worked in Now York and elsewhere and found of a superior character for durability, fine finish found to a superior character for durability, fine finish middhers, to economical the finest Brazilary Manna in the world.

Dualers and workers in Markle, are lovided to test the different etyles, either for monumental prantoents and architectural pipposes. The Mill is situated for mode from the Besies & Barklegton Resirvey, with all the arrangements in excessing for increditate signment in any direction. Cyclyfulcte should be noticessed to the Arents of Scaussical Participation of the Private of Scaussical Participation of the Arents of Scaussical Participation (1974). The Schweduse Falle, March 1874.

BLISS & STEARNS. DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,

DENTISTRY
Dr. M. NEWTON, Montpelier, Vt.,
Donatist,
Will make a Professional Visit to Ruthard July let,
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Book and Pamphlet Printing with despatch and at low rates.

BOOKS & STATIONERY. 1 (1) Submittees take pleasure in anympering their friends and the public that that that they have

have also this day opened a large invoice Rutiand, Feb. 14, 1854. Rutland, March 29, 1864. Rutland & Burlington R. R.

CLOCKS,....WATCHES,...JEWELRY HARLES E. TURRILL.

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THOMAS MARS, r and heater in Boots, Shrate, &c., &r. Smithing, Main St., Ruthand, Verstoom June on short matter, and all work was done on short matter, and all work was

H. F. HANSON,

Chart and Windowski Imake, Savan Gin, James Chart and Regnante Dannier, Savan Gin, James and R. Creat Blue, Seatch and Irial Wheele Winner, Charts, and all kinds of desirestic Lapino At \$10 Bives Street Trees. N. V. MOSES CURTIS, activer and Boaler in Cablest Farmings, Nutromes, Localing dillatons, Fact and Ecoly Main Colline, Huntoon's in Washington Pt., Ratton, Ft.

POND & MORSE. hodestic and Ketasi Bruggiese, and Bealest in Finness, Fascy Afficies, Transce, Standard Breat Barance Fluid and Campdeste, it Union Statist Main estres, and moder the Bards off Heane, Wa-agton street, Rathend, Fr.

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not and Companion at Law, and had makely alon, a Communication for the a ne. New Hampanion, Electric Intends, I. Kew Karts, Francesteatts, Office, angule, Wissenson, and howa. Office of House, Auricean, Ft. and Compreller at Law. J. & A. LANDON, Property Personal Land, See S. Property and Property and

For the Retired Co. Bresid. TO MT MOTHER.

Wells Mether, wells; The pure and species page before there, No peop like thine, to these upon its page. The magic alteractors; the passeport as a to glory, Or cink to decknow through elected ages !

Wene Mother, write; Thy hand though woman's, must not faint no

The better in these, notice the far the task,
The proper is unesseemd that is faith is maked.

Write Father, write;
Take then a pure placked toose an engine position,
And write commercal actions for the chiral
Write semitiments overthy of their high describing
Write semitiments overthy of their high describing
Writes are just, and requisitions mild.

Write Patters, write;
Leave on the page a Fortier's kindest blensing,
A shield from serrow, doubt, and ate;
This heavely arrier more presenting.
The glorious crown thy child shall win.

Write Sister, write ;
A sinter's hore discs much—'the pure and tody,
'Then write the angel witager in thise sers;
No text genined word, homeave plain and lowly
But fruit thur fold will lear in after years. Write Sister, write;
The heather cheer, his coward course pursuit For starter, rougher is his path than once; they ard and upward, ever doing, if he would win fame's fairest flowers.

We'm Brother, write;
Words that shall live through countless ages,
Then wide by side, dear Bectler, we will go,
Culling live teachings of the Americal sages,
Heatt insked in hea t, we will defy the for-

DEPARTURE OF SUMMER. BY W. H. C. BOOKER.

Parawell! thy meen is on the wann, Thy last bright day is our its close On rosy tips that therefor rain, Heaven not a drop best Heaven not a drop bestows; The cricket, Summer, Summer; sounds thy Quech of the Seksons! fore the well!

The thower that wreathed thy bondious head Broop, pale and wishered on the brow; The light that made thy morning red Is dell and misty new; Had visions pipe in word and dell To flummer, and her joys, farewell!

The warm south winds among the pines. Give out a wild and fitful mean, And Beauty, pale with grief, reclines
By Summer's faded throne;
Her wailing, tike a fonceal bell,
Chimes in with Summer's faint farewell

Gone is thy belt of rainbow sheen, starred with the bead-drops of the abo And Kirtle of enchanted green Embrodered over with flowers: Thy golden want of wontroos spell Is dimand broken now—farewell!

There is a summer of the heart.
That leath its monraful ending here;
bullights that warned its chorde departs.
While life growe dult and dreat;
And sadder than a funeral bell.
Hope whispets to the Soul farewell!

From the Boston Post.
TROUT FISHING AT IRA BROOK, VT

Again fair Ira wandering I come, With lunch, part fishing pole- and with my bait In the old tobacce bes I brought from home, Where all eat herrings when they like has \$100,... by mountains norm—in the like like has \$100,... As o'er the hills and mountain crage he leaps,
Waving his banners and his power proclaims

Blue wreaths the curling smake around thy hills observed in the loftiest peaks with his dark veil-While from the moly world, with all its life, in thy bright stream synthetic his itsel. Hist' see the speckled trivial less at the worm—Boan goes the back, the sly roque new is caught by which the life with his imperial form, And to my speciage with fresh buil f throw out, And troil my line atong thy uppling tide; see the old sly one poke it with his shout. These does away becaute the hist shout, the shout was becaute the hink to hide lack out, sie guidened the sked, or you are maintained.

Finiter and kick and jump in time or that form,
You are mine and must be fried outright, sir;
Squarm like a "fusionist" on the new platform,
What then I you must consignante to sught, sir;
If fried in onions, pork, or most or latter,
"The all the same; for still both tail and smout, sir,
At last—whether is this or that form 'tie no matterA treat you will come out without a doubt, sir.

highing my tackle in the wiry vine.

Alac! he dangles there beyond my reach!

mpetnons I pull—snap goes my line—

With no wife there to curb impatient speech.

With no we tage of the control of the Trust !
Your harp and mine both hing upon the willows froy do not let your mother know you're out.
While I wend home there is dischase your inflor to do not be your mother know you're out.
The claim acquaintance with your devalue—
Meantine while thus our preek you may retain, My hock—line—worm to serve you for a ration.
Clarendon Springs, Jugues, 1854.

WHOM DOES IT CONCERN !

BY PANNY FERN.

" Stitch -stitch -stitch | will this neeer end?" said a young girt, leaning her head wearily against the casement, and dropping her hands hopelessly in her " Stitch-stitch-stitch ! from dawn till dark, and yet I scarce keep hody and soul together;" and she drew her thin shawl more closely over her shivering shoulders.

Her eye fell upon the great house opposite. There was comfort there, and luxury, too; for the rich satin curtains were looped gracefully away from the large windows; a black servant opens the hall door; see, there are statues, and vases, and pictures there; now, two young girls trip lightly out upon the pavement, their lustrous silks and nodding plumes and jewelled bracelets glistening and quivering and sparkling n the bright sunlight. Now poising their ailver netted purses upon their daintily gloved flogers, they leap lightly into the carriage in waiting, and are

That little seamstress is as fair as they; her eyes are as soft and blue; her limbs as lithe and graceful; her rich, brown hair folds as sofily away over as fair a brow; her heart leaps, like theirs, to all that is bright and joyous; it craves love, and sympathy, and companionship as much, and yet abe must stitchstitch-and droop under summer's best. and shiver under winter's cold, and walk the earth with the skeleton starration ever at her side, that costly pictures,

and velvet carpets, and massive chandeliers, and guy tapestry, and gold and silver vessels, may fill the bouse of her employer -that his flaunting equipage may roll admired along the highway. and India's fairest fabries deck his purse-proud wife and daughters.

It was a busy seene in the ware-room of Simon Skinflint & Co. Garments of every line, size and pattern were there exposed for sale. Piles of coarse clothing lay upon the counter, ready to be applicant, who would make them for the smallest possible remuneration; piles of garments lay there, which such victims had already toiled into the long night to finish, ticketed to bring enormous profits into the pocket of their employ er; groups of dapper clerks stood be hind the counter, discussing, in a whisper, the pedestals of the last new dansense-ogling the half-starved young girls who were crowding in for employment, and raising a blush on the cheek of humble innocence by the coarse joke and free, libidinous gaze; while their master, Mr. Simon Skinflint, sat, rosy and rotund, before a bright Lehigh fire, rubbing his fat hands, building imaginary houses, and felicitating himself generally on his far-reaching financial fore-

right.

"If you could but allow me a trifle more for my labor," murmured a low voice at his side; "I have toiled hard

all the week, and yet-" "Young woman," said Mr. Skinflint. pushing his chair several feet back, elevating his spectacles to his forehead, and drawing his satin vest down over his aldermanic proportions- young woman, do you observe that crowd of persons besieging my door for employment? Perhaps you are not aware that we turn away scores of them every day , perhaps you don't know that the farmers' daughters, who are at a loss what to do long winter evenings, and want to earn a little dowry, will do our work for less than we pay you? But you feminine operatives don't seem to have the least idea of trade. Competition is the soul of business, you see, said Mr. Skinflint, rubbing his hands in a congratulatory manner. "Tut-tutyoung woman I don't quarrel with your bread and butter; however, it's a thing that don't concern me at all: if you won't work, there are plenty who will," and Mr. Skinflint drew out his gold re-

peater, and glanced at the door. A look of hopeless misery settled Stower the young girl's free ast the themp! Home, did I say? The word was bitter mockery to poor Mary. She had a home once, where she and the little birds sang the livelong day; where flowers blossomed, and tall trees waved, and merry voices floated out on the fragrant air, and the golden sun went gorgeously down behind the far-off hills; where a mother's loving breast was her plilow, and a father's good-night blessing woodd her rosy slumbers. It was past now. brother, sister. Some with a blue sea for a shifting monument; some sleeping dreamlessly in the little churchyard, where her infant footsteps strayed .-Rank grass had overgrown the gravel walks; weeds choked the flowers which dust-crumbled bands had planted; the brown moss had thatched over the cot tage caves, and still the little birds sang

gods had not been shivered. Poor Mary! The world was dark and weary to her; the very stars, with their serene beauty, seemed to mock her misery. She reached her little room. Its narrow walls seemed to close about her like a tomb. She lenned her head wearily against the little window, and looked again at the great house opposite. How brightly, how cheerfully the lights glanced from the windows How like fairies glided the young girls over the sofily carpeted floors. How swiftly the carriages whirled to the door, with their gay visitors. Life was such a rosy dream to them-such a brooding night-mare to her. Despair had its icy hand on her heart. Must she always drink, annixed, the cup of sorrow? Must she weep and sigh her outh away, while griping avarice trampled on her heart-strings? She could weep-nay, worse, she could not pray. Dark shallows came between her soul and heaven.

The little room is empty now. Ma ry toils there no longer. You will find her in the great house opposite. Her dainty limbs clad in flowing silks her slender fingers and dimpled arms glittering with gems; and among all hat merry group, Mary's laugh rings out the merriest. Surely-surely, this is better than to toll weeping through the long, weary days in the little dark-

Is it Mary? There is a ring at the door of the great house. A woman glides modest y in, by her dress she is a widow. She as opened a small school in the neighorbood, and in the search of scholars has wandered in here. She looks about her. Her quick, womanly instinct sounds the alarm. She is not among the good and pure of her sex. But she does not seem them. No, she looks upon their blighted beauty with Christlike pity; she says to herself, haply some word of mine may touch their bearts. So she says, gently, " Parsion me, tadies, but I hoped to find scholars here; you will forgive the intrasion, for though you are not mothers, you have all had mothers."

issocence, were Heaven's own bright- town, ors now to your toctured spirit.

Pitileasly the slantersin rattled against the window panes; awnings creaked samething worse of her than I could and flapped, and the street lawps flickered in the strong blast; full-freighted them turn pale and tremble. I demandcanibuses colled over the modely pave- od my child. They knew nothing of ments; stray pedestrians turned up their either. I caused them both, and quitcollars, grasped their umbrellas more tightly, and made for the nearest port. A woman, half blinded by the ong hair which the fury of the wind had driven across her face, drenehed to the skin with the pouring rain-shoeless, lemnerless, homeless, leans unsteadily against a lamp-post, and in the mapdlin accents of intexication curses the passers-by. A policeman's strong grasp is laid upon her arm, and she hurried struggling, through the dripping streets, and pushed into the near-" station-laurer." Morning dawns upon the wretched, forsaken outcast .-She sees it not. Upon those weary eves only the resurrection morn shall

No more shall the stony-hearted shut in her imploring face the door of hope; no more shall gilded sin, with Judas smile, say, " Eat, drink and be merry;" no more shall the professed followers of Him who said, " Neither do I condemn thee," say to the guilt-stricken one Stand aside-for I am bolier than thou." No, none may tempt, none may scorn, none may taunt her more. A pauper's grave shall hide poor Mary

God speed the day when the Jugger naut wheels of Avarice shall no longer call over woman's dearest hones; when thousands of doors, now closed, shall be opened for starving Virtue to earn her honest bread; when he who would esin her tear, and groans to rear his palaces, shall become a hissing and a by word wherever the sacred name of mother shall be honored .- Saturday Ecening Post.

THE YOUNG SOLDIER'S STORY.

"Generally speaking," began the youth, "stories have what is called a moral to them; and if you don't know what that means, I shall not stop to tell "Yes, yes, we know," ran in low mur-

" Well, mine has no moral, because it comes too late," and his voice thrilled as he spoke; "and if it had, its use would be very doubtful." "It matters very little who or what

I am," he continued. "I have lain in silk and purple, and have grew up as one born to command. I went to college, and very likely you think I -as a wild, haram scarum devil of a fellow-boating, driving, hunting, 'tow- pause, and again he went oning and growing' it-cultivating wine, cards, and so on, as you may have heard that young fellows with plenty of money do. Well if you think so, you are mistaken. Hoved books, study, and peace, was a good scholar, and quiet as an infant, I still had a flery devil in me.

"I fell in love, ha! ha! ha! with a little doll of a girl about my age, that was seventeen, and for whom I would She was so frail and fairy-like a ereature, that I could have put her in my breast to shelter her as one would

little bird; and she loved me with such a strength of faith, that had I been Don Juan himself, there was such a lavish trust in her that she would have converted me from a debauchee into a true, honest man." " She is at still now as a frozen rill

-sleeping like the streams of wintershe will never awaken again I" and his head fell on his breast; though his eyes were burning with the pain of his strong tear. They had dried at the very foun-

"She was a lovely, little trusting flower, the daughter of a very worthy, honest tradesman, who loved her like be apple of his eye! but she was worthy of a throne, and I would have that' "Our dream of love was brief. She

eloped with me, and, as the Lord liveth, I meant her no harm-for I made her my wife!" he added, with a solemnity that startled the soldiers, who were hot often moved by any strength of expres-

"Your wife !" ejaculated one or two of the men. "Thunder and lightning, here. Dick ; give us your hand, my boy! and a cordial gripe was given, thought you triffed with the child " "I believed my father and mother

loved me to well to thwart me, and that I had only to being her home to give her another father and mother would love her like her own. When my baby was born, and she put it in my boron, and laid her own sweet little head like a blossoming flower heside it I prayed for her, for both, and loved them more and more. Then I made up my mind to return to my futher's

after walking or fishing, or something, and found her gone-gune-bath gone ! O! then, then the eleeping devil within me woke up. I learned from the peo-ple of the house that a stern man, and

Why is Mary's lip so ashen white? a proud, pale woman, righly dressed, Why does she tremble from head to drove up in a splendid chariot, and carfoot, as if smitten by the hand of God. ried her off-robbed me of my wife Why do hot tears stream through her and child. This man-this womanjewelled fingers? Alt! Mary. That were my parents. I travelled night little room, with its toil, its gloom, its and day, and arrived at their house in

'I demanded my wife ! they called her a designing cunning girl-and said ted the house never to return to it any

what means, I traced alike through stages of wretchedness and penury, till I found both mother and child dying on a mean pallet in a parish workhouse. I could have called curses from heaver and fires from hell to avenge this us migitable wrong. For what had this tender dove done to win this atrocious injury? But when I saw her pale thin cheeks and heard her moaning, and saw her wasted babe on the half-starved breast of the woman I adored as do votees adore heaven, I stilled my soul. I shed no tears. I heard her atter a cry of joy and pain, and then her thin pale hand wandered over my head, as kneeling, I laid it on her breast, beside my child.

'Little Alice !' I said, 'little Alice, you, and your sweet babe, shall live here no longer." 'No, George, no,' she said. On her

thin lips-how they trembled! 'No, George, dear, we shall not live there long-not very long-When I heard what she said, I had

terrible foreboding of the future. Was it for this I had sought ber? Was it thus my parents had shown their love? Was it to see her die that I had moved heavens and earth to discover her? If tears were rain and not the bitter and acrid shower which scalded my face like a caustic, roses would have sprung to life around her dying pillow, and that golden hair so baddled-Take my head in your arms, dear

George, she said faintly. 'Take my child too. Kiss me, kiss the baby. You love me, do you not? God bless you! God protect you! Do not separate us. Do not forget us. I have borne much -but I have loved you so dearly : and I forgive every one, as I hope to be for-

The rough soldiers turned away, and "Little Alice, T'said, are you going without me? Well, I won't wait long." 'I am only going before you,' she

said; and I felt that she was speaking the truth. I am going before you, clasp me closer, let me feel your lips ; lift up my head; put my baby's month to mine-and so she died, my lads! I held my laby to my bosom, till I felt it cold. It was dead, too.

There was a long, deep, impressive

They made my heart desolate .wrecked and void; and I-I, in turn, desolated their household and wrecked their peace. As they had two passions to feed and foster—one was, love for me, their only child, and a bride, which, God forgive them ! they had also given to me, and the latter the greater, they sacrificed me to that pride. They knelt to me, and I scorned them. They world, and I laughed at them. They could not give me little Alice, and I had nothing to ask. I had a grand funeral from the work-house for my wife and child, and I put my name on he coffin lid, and after that day, I forgot that I had a name or parents, and know that I have avenged Alice, for their house is a house of mourning, an the world is to them as to me-a sepul

'And this is the reason, my boys, that I don't care for anything that comes or goes, that happens or does not happen agony they were not moistened with a I want to be dead. I want to sleep, for my eyes bern at night, I dont close them I only see little Alice, and I only clasp in my arms my dead baby, till the drum or trumpet wakes me up, and then I have only the bullet that hits me t It has not come yet, but to morrow I shall have better luck! And fool that I was !-honored, great, weal- now go to sleep, and don't disturb me thy. She is poor enough now, and so I am going to dream of my Alice and her child again.

Irish girls are always pretty smart, out once in a while they commit blanders. Their blunders are generally so ludierons and funny that it is impossible to get angry at them. At one of the houses in this city, lives one who has "been over" but a few weeks,-Lively as a cricket, industrious as a bee. and honest and willing to do, she, of course, is well liked by those with whom she has taken up her abode.

A few days ago, one of the men, who is something of a practical joker, hap-pened to kill a large rat. He handed it to Nelly, and told her be wanted it cooked for his dinner. Nelly, with modest courtesy, took the animal and time after, the lady of the house had oceasien to go to the kitchest, where she found Nelly trying to pull the fur off dipping into a kettle of scalding water Why Nelly ! what are you about !

saked the astonished lady. " Sare, an' its thrying to plack the feathers off ties I am ;" said she, " for Mr. - tould me to cook it for dinner

The distinguished Wm. Wirt, within six or seven months after his tirst marriage, became addicted to intemperance the effect of which operated strongly on the mind and benith of his wife; and in a few months more she was numbered among the dead. Her death led him to leave the country where he resided, and he removed to Richmond, Va., where he soon reselts distinction. But his evil habits hung about him, and ocensionally he was found with jully frolicsome spirits of bacchanalian revelry. His true friends exportulated with him, to convince him of the injury he was doing to himself; but he still persisted. His practice began to fall off, and many looked on him as on the sure road to ruin. He was advised to get married. with a view of correcting his habits .-This he consented to do, if the right person offered. He accordingly paid his addresses to Miss Gamble. some months attention, he asked her

hand in marriage. She replied-" Mr. Wirt, I have been well aware of your attentions for some time back, and should have given you to understand that your visits and attentions were not acceptable, had I not reciprocated the affection which you evinced towards me. But I cannot yield my consent until you make me a pledge never to taste, touch or handle any intoxicating drinks," This reply to Wirt was as unexpect-

ed as it was novel. His answer was, that he regarded that proposition as a bar to all further consideration; of the subject, and he left her. Her course towards him was the same as ever -his, resentment and neglect.

One day, while lying in the outskirts of the city, near a little grocery or grog shop, drunk, a young lady, whom it is unnecessary to name, was passing that way to her home not far off, and beheld him with his face upturned to the rays of the scorching sun. She took her handkerchief, with her own name marked on it, and placed it over his face.

After he had remained in that way for some hours, he was awakened, and his thirst being very great, he went to the grog-shop to get a drink, when he discovered the handkerchief, at which he looked, and at once saw the name that was on it. After pausing, he exelaimed-

'Great God! who left this with me? Who placed this on my face?" exclaiming—Enough! Enough!

He retired instantly from the store forgetting his thirst, but not his debauch, the bandkerchief, or the lady, -vouching, that if God gave him strength, nerer to touch, taste or handle intoxicating

To meet Miss Gamble was the hardest effort of his life. If he met her in her carriage or on foot, he popped

around the nearest corner. She at last addressed him a note under her own hand, inviting him to here house, which he finally eathered courge enough to accept. He told her if she still bore affection to him, he would igree to her own terms. Her reply

'My conditions are now what they ever have been." 'Then,' said Wirt, 'I accept them.'

They were soon married, and from fairs brightened, while honors and glory gathered thick on his brow.

His name has been envolted high in

the temple of fame; while patriotism and renown live after him with imper MACAULAY .- Mrs. Hurrist Beccher Stowe has a book recently published,

entitled, " Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands." The following is an extract; and gives a vivid idea of the great historian and easnyist: I had met Macaulay before, but as

you have not, you will, of course, ask a lady's first question, " How does he Well, my dear, so far as relating to

the mere outward bask of the soul, our engravers and disportrentypists have ne their work as well as they usually do. The engravings that you get in the best editions of his works may be considered I suppose, a fair represent ation of how he looks when he sits t have his pictore taken, which is gene rally very different from the way as body looks at any other time. People seem to forget, in taking likeness that the features of the face are nothing but an alplinbet, and that a dry, dead map of a person's face gives no more idea how one looks than the simple presentation of an alphabet shows what

Macaulay's whole physique gives you the impression of great strength and staming of constitution. He has the kind of frame which we usually imagine as peculiarly English-short, stout, and firmly knit. There is something hearty in all his demonstrations. He spenks in that full, round, rolling voice, deep from the chest, which we also conceive of as being more common in England than America. As to his conversation, it is just like his writing ; that is to say, shows very strongly the same qualities

a most uncommon memory 2 now of those get a thing once read; and he has read all sorts of things in all languages. A is the sound of thgentleman told me that he could sepent | we lave - Lo

Referention of William Wirt-A True | all the Newgate literature; hanging hal lads, last speeches, and dying confes-sions: while his knowledge of Millan is so acute, that if his poems were blotted out of existence, they might be restored simply from his memory. This same accurate knowledge extends to the Latin and Greek classics, and to much of the literature of modern Europe. Had nature been required to make a man to order for a perfect bistorian, nothing better could have been put together, especially since there is enough of the poetic fire included in the composition, to fuse all these multiplied materials together, and color the historical crystal-

sation with them. Macaulay is about fifty; he has never married, yet there are unmistakable evidences in the breathings and aspects of the family circle by whom he was surrounded, that the social part was not wanting in its confirmation. Some very charming young lady relatives seemed to think quite as much of their gifted oncle as you might have done had be

Macaulay is celebrated as a controversialist; and, like Coloridge, Carlyle, and almost every one who enjoys this reputation, he has sometimes been necused of not allowing people their fair share in conversation. This might prove an objection, possibly, to those who wish to talk ; but as I greatly prefer to hear, it would prove none to me I must say, however, that on this occasion the matter was quite equitably managed. There were, I should think, some twenty or thirty at the [breakfast table, and the conversation formed it self into little eddies of two or three present the table, now and then swelling out into a great bay of general dis-

AN INCIDENT IN A RAILBOAD CAR. The parties are a lady of uncertain age, with a decided expression of pain on her features, otherwise quite pretty. her face tied up with a white handkerchief, and a little man in a snuff colored coat, and a decidedly wooly kind of countenance. Little man fidgets awhile, and then turns to the dame-

"Be you ailin' anything, ma'am ?" " Yes, sir, I have the toothuche."

"Oh, toothache, have ye-well I now somethin' that'll do ye good." "What is it, sir ; I am suffering very

nuch, and should like to know." "Well, I forget the name of it, but most anybody knows. Be you going to

" Yes, I am going to New York." "Oh! well! be ye-well you know Beondway till you come to a cross street. I forgit the name of the street, but you'll know when you git there; and there's lets of people going up and down lit .-Well, you turn up this street, and, I forgit which side, but you'll ree; you'll see a 'pathecary shop-you'll know it when you seelit. There's a good many shops about there, but this is a large one. Then you must ask for -well, I forgit the name, but it's a poseder. The notherary be'll know. It's dreadful strong; strong as ginger-you must mis the powder-they'll mix it for you; then you must take -well, I forgit how much-subout a table spoon, or a teaon here, (laying his hand on the pit of kis stomock) just as hot as you can pea-

"But, sir," said the lady, "I don't see now that is to help a toother.be !" "Oh, bothacke you've got : well, dear me, I forgot. To be sure-yes, wellbut I thought you said stomach-uche!"

Excessively LITERARY.- How a roung lady endeavored to adapt her style of conversation to the character of her guests, is carrated in an Ohio pa-

Tom Corwin and Tom Ewing being on a political tour through the State, stopped at the house of a prominent politician at night, but found no one at home but a young niece who presided at the supper table. She had never seen great men, and supposed they were elephantine altogether, and all talked in

"Mr. Ewing, will you take condiments in your ten, sir?" inquired the

young lady. "Yes, Miss, if you please," replied the quandam salt boiler.

Cornin's eyes twinkled. Here was furs blox. Gratified at the apparent success of her first triumph of talking with big men, the young ludy addressed Mr. Cerwin in the same manner.

" Will you take condiments in your "Pepper and salt, but no mustard," was the quick reply of the facetious

Of churse nature must out, and Ewing and the entertainer teared in spite of themselves. Cornin essayed to metal the matter, and was voluble in averdate and wit and compliment. But the wound was immedicable. The young ludy, to this day declares that Tom Curwin is a

An editor in Iona has been fined two hundred and fifty dollars for hugging a young girl in church . " Cheap enough," says the editor of the Chicago Young America, and adds: "We once bugged a girl in charch, some ten years ago, and the serage has cost us a thousand a

course, tulgar, disagreculde una.

of all sights-and the sweetest h